

I FOUND YOU!

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“Mom!” The boy shouted with glee and delight as he ran to his mother and threw himself into her open arms. “We’ve been looking ever so long for you!”

“I know, sweet boy.” She replied as she wrapped herself around him in the biggest and best hug of his life. “I tried to get a message through, but it didn’t work.”

“Where were you?” He looked up at her with pleading in his face to understand her long absence.

“Different places, sweet boy.” She said with a shrug. “It’s hard to explain.”

“But you’re here now,” the boy said with complete forgiveness as he buried himself in her embrace.

“Yes, my love.” She agreed. “I’m here now, and so are you.”

After an eternity that satisfied his need, the boy looked up again and gazed lovingly into her eyes.

“Is my father here?” He asked with hope.

“Umm...” His mother temporized. “No.” She said slowly.

“Will he come?”

“It’s hard to tell, sweet boy, but very likely.”

“When?” Eagerness filled his eyes.

“That no one can know. We’ll just have to be patient, my love.”

“Does he miss me?”

“Umm...” His mother was grasping now. “I... Well... He would miss you, but... You are a big boy now, aren’t you?” His face looked up at her and nodded trustingly. “He would miss you, but he was gone before you were born.”

“Oh.” The surprise on the boy’s face was complete and total and not quite comprehending.

“Where’s Gran? She was taking care of me ever so nice.”

“Yes. I know.” His mother paused. “She can’t be here right now, but she will be coming. That, I’m sure of.”

The boy buried himself in his mother’s love again. After time that could not be measured, he pulled slightly away and looked around. Until now he had no real interest in where they were, it was enough, more than enough, to simply be with his mother after the years of separation. What he saw delighted him. After years of being bedfast, he was outdoors, in the country, not in the village where he had lived with Gran. Beautiful meadows and orchards stretched before his eyes. And there were flowers everywhere. Exquisite butterflies and brilliantly colored birds flew around them. The sky was the clearest, deepest blue he had ever seen and in it were huge awesome white clouds floating by. And the air was full of music and soft, sweet sounds. It was all delightful, encouraging and soothing.

“Where are we?” He asked in wonderment.

“In the next country.” His mother answered reassuringly.

“The next country?” He asked, bewildered. He had no memory of anyone saying he was going to another country.

“Yes.” She answered. “The country after the country you were in.”

That sounded logical, then he remembered he’d been in bed, in Gran’s house, in the village, and unable to move. This was perplexing. How did he get here now? He didn’t remember a ride on a train or anything to get from that country to this.

“We travel differently here.” His mother answered as if reading his thoughts. “You might even call it magic.”

“Really?” The boy was very interested now. He had always liked magic. He had once even sent away for a book of magic tricks, but they were disappointing. It was just gimmicks, not real magic at all. “How do we do it?” He was sure she would have the answer, she was his mother.

“Well...” She began. “Hold on to me tightly. Now where do you want to go? Tell me the place, imagine you are there and we’ll see if we can go.”

“Hmm...” He said as he clung to her, closed his eyes, and said, “Mount... Mount Kilem...” He struggled with the name. He had seen the name, it was long, and photographs, and read about the majestic awesomeness of it, but he’d not heard anyone pronounce it, not even his Gran. Try though she might, she always got flustered and quit. He had the image in his mind from the photographs he had memorized, but the name was more difficult. “Mount Kilamen...”

“Mount Kilimanjaro?” His mother asked with a twinkle of amusement in her eyes.

“YES!” His heart resounded.

Instantly, they were there. Together they stood before it, on the plain, full of the wild animals. Just like in the photographs, there rose before them the majestic, awesome beauty of that fabled peak, snow topped with wispy clouds ringing the summit.

“Wow.” The boy barely breathed. The sight did take his breath away. They stood there almost forever, he entranced by the sight, she enveloped in love for him. Finally, he took a long, deep breath, turned to his mother, looked up to her and said, “Where else can we go?”

“Anywhere you wish.”

“Really?” He was incredulous, but also sure that his mother was telling the truth. “Niagara Falls.”

And they were there.

The falls were in front of them. In the roiling river below them, coming out of the spray from the falls, was an excursion boat which circled round behind them. Curious, the boy turned to watch the ship. It looked so small and he could see tiny faces in the windows. Suddenly, he gripped his mother tightly.

“Mom?” He said plaintively with fear in his voice as he clung to her.

“Yes?” She knew what was coming.

“Mom.” His voice was shaky. “We’re in the air!”

“Yes.” She said softly and held him closer so he would not be afraid. “We are in the air.”

“How... How can we do that?”

“Because we’re in the next country and we can do things like that here.”

“Won’t we fall down and... and drown?” He looked directly down and saw the water below them.

“No.” She said so gently and lovingly. “That can never happen here. You can never be hurt here.”

“Never?”

“Never.”

The boy did not understand, but she sounded so sure and so confident that he relaxed and began to look around once again. Now he noticed that the birds which were flying around sometimes flew under them. The birds didn’t even seem to notice the two of them in the air. Then, suddenly, a bird flew between them, as if it flew right through them!!

“Mom!” He cried. “That bird!”

“Yes?” She replied again in that calm, wise reassuring voice. “It seemed to fly right through us. It did fly through us. It didn’t see us. It doesn’t know we’re here.”

“This is very strange.” The boy said not quite believing what he had just seen and heard.

“This is a different kind of place.” He felt her love reassure him. “Would you like to go somewhere else?”

“Yes. I want to go run and play.” It seemed to him like forever since he had done that.

“Do you want to play by yourself or with other boys?”

“With other boys!” The idea excited him. He couldn’t remember when he had last played with other boys. He had had to spend such a long time alone in his room in bed.

Instantly they were at a playing field and there were other boys there, just his age.

“Is it all right, Mom?” He turned to ask her. “If I go play with them?”

“Of course it is, dear.” He could hear the smile and love in her voice. “That’s why I brought you here.”

“You won’t leave?” He asked, fearful now that he might never see her again, like the last time.

“No. I won’t leave you.”

“Hey, guys!” The boy called to the other boys as he ran to join them. They welcomed him into their game and he was delighted. The afternoon seemed to have no end. Finally, after what seemed like ages, he walked away from them and rejoined his mother. She was there waiting for him.

“That was wonderful, Mom.” He announced as he approached her slightly out of breath. “They’re swell guys.”

“Yes, they are.”

“Do you know them?” The boy was surprised.

“Not exactly, but I know of them.”

The boy didn’t understand this but accepted it. There was so much he didn’t know.

“Where’s Gran?” He suddenly asked. “I want to see her.”

“All right.” His mother answered lovingly. “But remember the birds.”

“The birds?” The boy repeated.

“We could see them, but they couldn’t see us.”

“You mean…” The boy was thoughtful. “You mean, I’ll be able to see Gran, but she won’t be able to see me? Or you?”

“Exactly.”

“But…” He began to protest.

“That’s the way it is in this country, at least most of the time.”

“Most of the time?” Now he was curious.

“It’s like there’s a veil over their eyes. We can see them, but they can’t see us. Sometimes though, and I don’t know why, sometimes the veil is removed from their eyes and they can see us. Sometimes they can come to this side of the veil, but that’s usually in a dream of theirs. Some times people try to make the crossing happen, but the results are not good then. It is best to wait until it sometimes just happens.”

“But the boys!” He objected. “They could see me just like I could see them.”

“Yes. They are here too.” She said lovingly. “You were all in the same country. Gran is not.”

“Will Gran get to come here some day?”

“Oh, yes.” The boy could feel his mother’s love expand. “Most certainly. Most certainly.”

“All right,” the boy said bravely. “I’m ready.” He felt himself standing at attention. “I want to see Gran.”

Instantly the two of them were in the small cottage they both remembered so well, though from different times. There was Gran, sitting in her rocking chair by the fire knitting something for a baby.

“It’s so nice to have a baby so close next door,” Gran said softly as she happily knitted. “It’s so nice to hold a baby again. It’s almost like having my Sweeties again, my Addie and my Dewey.”

“Mom!” The boy exclaimed in a hushed but excited voice. “That us! You and me!” He felt his mother’s confirmation.

“I’ll get this finished tonight,” Gran continued. “And take it right over, first thing in the morning. Oh. He’ll look so precious in it. He is precious. Just like little Dewey. Oh, that sweet, sweet boy. He was so brave and suffered so. Why the Good Lord gave him such an affliction, I’ll never know, but the ways of the Lord are mysterious and I just pray it was for the best.”

“What does she mean, Mom?” The boy turned to his mother, startled. “What affliction? What did I suffer?”

“All that time you spend in bed and could not play.”

“Oh. That. That was nothing.” He could barely remember it, actually it was difficult now, to even recall it at all.

“Once you are here all the pain of that world, that life, becomes nothing. It vanishes as if it never was.”

“But Gran doesn’t know?” The boy was amazed. How could Gran not know something that he already took for granted.

“It’s part of the veil that doesn’t let them see.”

“Oh. But why, Mom? Why is there a veil between us?”

“It’s for their protection.”

“Protection?”

Mom knew everything, but this was hard.

“If the people knew how wonderful life would be here, they would want to come here right away. They wouldn’t want to do the things there that they need to do to be ready to come here.”

“I don’t understand.”

“All right.” His mother paused. “Before you were born, you were a baby inside me, just like I was a baby inside Gran. Not-yet-born-babies are called embryos. The embryo starts from a little seed, just one cell. From that one cell the baby grows. The embryo grows eyes and ears, and arms and legs, and everything else it needs for life on earth. The embryo does not know why it’s growing those things. It just does.

“There is nothing inside the womb for the embryo to see, except for the difference between light and dark, but eyes can see much more than that. There is nothing in the womb for the embryo to hear, except for the heart of the mother pumping her blood and distant, muffled sounds, but ears can hear much more than that. And, the embryo certainly has no use for arms or legs, but it grows them just the same.”

“Because he needs them!” The boy suddenly exclaimed.

“Yes.” His mother agrees. “But only after the embryo is born and becomes a baby. The embryo doesn’t know he needs them and has no use for them in the womb. Then the baby is born. Now the baby can see and hear lots of things with his eyes and ears, but he still doesn’t know he needs arms and legs. At first he just waves them around, not knowing anything about them. Then the baby finds them and begins to play with them. Finally the baby begins to think about moving and – he has arms and legs to move with!”

“The baby crawls!”

“Yes. And then the baby begins to walk, then run, then he’s a little boy like all the other little boys and girls.” His mother paused to give him time to process this sequence of development. “Now, what would happen to the baby if, in the womb, he decided he didn’t want to grow any arms or legs?”

“He wouldn’t be able to walk or run.”

“Exactly.” The boy could feel her joy in his understanding. “And, it’s the same way after people are born. In life there they need to develop qualities and attributes that may not seem to be very useful, but they are essential here. It may seem good to steal, and they would have more stuff. But once you get here, you learn that honesty is much more important than stuff. Because no one has stuff here. All the stuff stays behind.

Truthfulness is essential here. You could even say it's like seeing. And if you can't see, you won't know where you're going or when you get there. Honesty, truthfulness, compassion, generosity; all are qualities a person needs to practice in that life so they will be able to function fully once they get here."

"So," she concluded. "People who are alive there can't completely know how wonderful it is to be here, or they would leave before they can fully develop the attributes they need to function here."

"And, if they don't."

"You see the rocks below us?" She asked.

"Yes."

"Those are souls like us who did not develop their spiritual capacities while they were alive. They can't fully function now."

"So..." The boy was really thoughtful now and said slowly. "So, I'm not alive anymore."

"You're not alive like Gran, but you are more alive than ever before." Her love blossomed around him.

"How long will I be here?"

"Oh! Ages and ages. So long, you'll never know. Time is a part of that life, not this one."

"Do we go somewhere after this?"

"The worlds are unlimited."

"But, you won't leave me?"

"I won't leave you until you are ready for me to."

"That will be a long, long time," the boy said with relief and loved his mother fiercely.

"Oh." The two noticed after a time what was not time, that Gran was approaching. They reached out their love to her love. All three embraced and became a single brilliant point of light.